

WEXED BY UNQUIET SPIRITS.

Tales of Mysterious Hours When Churchyards Yawn.

"Evening World" Readers Who Think They Have Seen Ghosts.

Conditions.

A golden rule will be given to the person who writes the best ghost story to the Evening World...

This Ghost Was a Thief.

A friend, leaving for Africa, and myself agreed if one of us died to appear to each other...

Whence Came the Finger?

About five years ago we were living in a cottage about three miles from Long Island City...

Eighteen Bullets in a Ghost.

In the year 184- a ghost was reported in the village where I lived. This ghost had been seen on different nights in a field...

Nearly Lured to His Death.

I was caught in a storm in Scotland and had to pass the night in a country inn. The accommodations were of the most primitive kind...

GENERAL SPORTING NEWS.

Items of Interest Heard Among the Athletes.

Company D, 47th Regiment, Preparing for Their Annual Games.

Spooks on the Shrewsbury.

During the Summer of 1889, one day in August, at the Highlands of New York...

Her Mind on Heavenly Things.

She-Charlie, you know you promised me something handsome on my birthday. He-Yes, I know.

Always Employed.

Benevolent Person (to tramp)-What do you usually do in the Winter time? Tramp-Wait for Summer.

Young But Gifted.

Lie I (time 11 A.M.)-Mother-Now, mind, Johnnie, there's a ghost in the dark corner guarding the lamp.

We All Know the Effect.

I see your engagement with Miss Borowitz, of Chicago, is off. Yes. All the fault of my Kodak. I took Miss B.'s portrait, and-well, her foot was unpleasantly near the camera.

The Origin of Death.

Dynamo-Does electricity have any power to prove that electricity is life? Lamp-If I guess they don't live in New York or I'd change their minds if they once saw a man wrestling with live wire.

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

New and Old Attractions Seen in the Two Cities.

What the Managers Are Doing for Their Patrons.

WORTH'S MUSEUM.

The Joyce and Carroll combination gave a capital entertainment at Worth's Museum, hourly yesterday. The organization included Harvey L. Thompson, George Scoville, Leonard and Hart, John Bateheller, Girard and Earle, Edward Parker, A. E. Burton and Mrs. Martine.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Evans and Hoer, the well-known comedians, began an engagement last night at the Grand Opera-House, appearing in their new comedy, "The Case of the Missing Match."

WINDSOR THEATRE.

"Drifting Apart," a play that was presented last season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, has been revived at the Windsor last night.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONS OF THE RING.

The National Skating Association having selected Jan. 17 and 18 for the annual championship contest, it only remains for the ice king to wake up from his unenviable slumber.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

"Lohengrin" was repeated at the Metropolitan last night. The performance was a thoroughly good one. Miss Emma Henry Thomas sang the role of the young heroine.

A Business Woman.

Jones (to a former sweetheart)-So you are going to throw yourself away on old Jimson? No-Throw myself away I guess you mean. I'll give you a million and a half case of heart disease.

A Military Order.

"Company, attention!" called the chaplain of the regiment when the soldiers were brought to present arms.

FOR SHARP TRADERS.

A Chance to Make a Good Exchange and \$20 to Boot.

HE NEWSBOYS' CONTEST.

A Texas Lothario.

Miss Emeralda Longoformi-Hooster McGinnis, it is outrageous the way you treat me. Hooster McGinnis-What's up now, Emeralda?

An Of Year.

Brown-I had my diamond pin stolen last night. Sergeant-How can it be identified? Brown-It had a patent safety chain attached.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning.

Miss Minnie Schult heads a long list of talent at Zipp's Casino, which week chief of which are Charles and Carrie Moore and Edward and Lottie on in duets on concert-tunes, guitars and other instruments.

THE BRIGANDS.

It was necessary for them to gain a long lead, otherwise when they turned the pursuers would be on them before they could get up speed in the opposite direction.

THE BRIGANDS.

It was not a moment to lose. Alroy had to get away from the pursuers as fast as he could. He turned to see the result of his charge. This gave the pursuers a moment's delay.

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WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8th.

We will sell for that day only at 6 cts. a yard, 3,000 pieces, yard wide.

Bleached Muslin, at 6 cts. a yard, worth 8 cts.

Saturday, January 11th.

We shall commence our Annual Sale of Muslin Underwear, for Ladies and Children, and off-r choice Bargains in fine goods.

Lord & Taylor, Grand Street Store.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. POSITIVELY FAREWELL TO THE BRIGANDS. SATURDAY, JAN. 10, AT 8 P. M. AT BOX OFFICE.

AMBERG THEATRE. THE BRIGANDS. Thursday evening, Jan. 10, at 8 o'clock.

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GLULAB SINGH.

A Story of Peril and Heroism.

BY REV. R. D'O. MARTIN, M. A.

CHAPTER I.

"This is really jolly!" said Jack Pentland to his companion, Alick Seymour, as they cantered along so sanily road with a clear, starry sky over their heads.

"Yes; but we must not go so fast, or we'll get so hot that we shall never cool again!" replied his companion, laughing.

Jack Pentland, the son of an officer quartered in Delhi, was at the time of our story, in the month of May, 1857 A. D., in the eighteenth year of his age. He was tall and active, but his frame was slightly built, and it was evident that he had somewhat overgrown his strength, and that for some years his body could not endure much fatigue.

Alick Seymour was two years older, and very different from Jack. Slightly below average height, he was strongly, almost heavily, built, and yet with such perfect symmetry that few were his equal in manly strength.

They had started their course, but as they were mounting their ponies an unusual thing had taken place. One of the troopers

of the regiment had come forward and entered Alick not to leave comments that night. That the trooper had been recalled, had been setting in a very mysterious manner for several days. He was the colonel's orderly, and on several occasions, when in private, he had been dropping mysterious hints as to the need of caution and of danger being near, which had greatly irritated the colonel. Then for a number of the projected pig-sticking expedition his manner had become even more mysterious than before, and now, when he ventured to address Alick after Jack had mounted, the colonel got into quite a passion, and reprimanded him severely for daring to interfere in matters which in no way concerned him.

The trooper retired respectfully, evidently much pained at the way in which he had been received, and Alick, mounting his pony, followed Jack, who had set off as soon as he heard his father's burst of wrath directed against the trooper's head.

The road led the rider along the top of a ridge of ground which was soon to become famous in the history of the siege; and here, though it was the night time, they could still feel the heat coming out of the great red sandstone blocks of which the ridge was composed. Then for a number of miles they skirted the walls of the great old city, which had been once the capital of an empire of an extent and importance which has rarely been surpassed in the history of the world. Here the great King-Nah-Jehan, 300 years ago, had sat in his marble palace on the famous, red sandstone throne, so called because behind the throne there was the most beautiful representation of a peacock's tail, the sole materials being the most costly and magnificent precious stones. Now in the same palace-but not on the Peacock Throne, for it had been broken up and taken away by a former conqueror-there lived a descendant of the founder of the great Mogul dynasty, who still held a nominal court, but whose power did not extend beyond the limits of his palace.

After passing the city they rode in silence through a flat country, covered with the ruins of former cities, past the great walls of the fort built by Humayun, at whose tomb

they meant to sleep that night-a fort which drew forth Baber Heber's admiration and admiration of vice, and if he was only allowed to have his own pace he could be managed with a silken rein. But there was one thing that Micky would not allow-another pony for horse to pass him, and the sound of a galloping steed behind him was always the sign for Micky to get up and take to his heels.

"Pig-sticking is considered great sport in India. Each rider is armed with a stout, sharp pig-spear, and, owing to the rough nature of the ground and the sharp turns and twists round clumps of grass when following a pig, it needs a tight grip and a steady balance to keep a good spear in the hand. The riders are usually thirty yards apart, and almost immediately there was a smart and rustic.

"Pig" shouted Jack. "Look out, Alick!" And off started Micky, Alick following; Jack, on coming to an open space, saw that it was not a bear, and the rider of the pig was a man in a white shirt and a turban. Five minutes later another pig was raised, and this time it was a large pig with enormous tusks. Twice Jack thought he had the tusk, and was within a foot of him when round a clump with a sharp turn the pig disappeared, and then the chase began again. Alick tried to get a million and a half case of heart disease. Call that throwing yourself away? That's what I call getting fancy prices.

After an early breakfast they mounted their ponies, and as the sun was rising they entered the scrub in the river-bed. The river Junna in the rainy season rushes along in a swollen torrent nearly a mile in width, but in the month of May it was, at most, a quarter of a mile wide, a shallow, sluggish stream, across which in many places men could easily wade. That part of the bed of the river which it covers in the rainy season alone at other times of the year is in many places covered with tangled tufts of long grass. Into this dry river bed Alick and Jack entered on their ponies in search of pig.

Jack had a moment which was the envy of the station. No pony could gallop as Micky could. Alick and the two burlesques

"What is that?" Jack quickly asked. Alick was puzzled. For a few moments he sat silent, listening. Again there came the rattle of musketry.

"There is a riot of some sort in Delhi, Jack. That is not blank cartridge being fired, but ball!"

"What can have happened Alick?" replied Jack. "Could it be from some objection of this that Gulab Singh warned us to stay in cantonments?"

"We must not delay here, that is plain," Turning to Hoesin, his servant, Alick gave him directions to have the horses saddled immediately for a return to Delhi.

"A massacre of the English," he said, "the words were not out of his mouth when he noticed a party of twelve cavalry riders in full gallop towards them."

"It's father's charger, Monarch," said Jack, surprised.

"Yes, and Gulab Singh is riding," added Alick.

Gulab Singh was waving his lance excitedly as he came towards them full speed.

"Monn't monn't!" they heard him shout. Jack mounted his father's pony, and Alick ran to his charger. The girl of his saddle was not yet tightened when Gulab Singh reached them.

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